

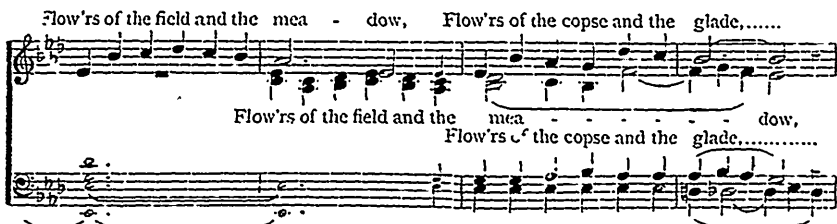
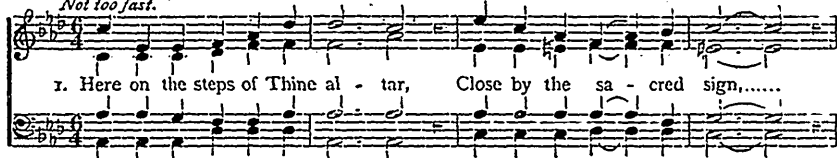
Hymn for a Children's Flower Service.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Words by the
VERY REV. CHARLES STUBBS, M.A.
(Dean of Ely.)

Music by the
REV. W. T. SOUTHWARD, M.A., Mus. Bac.
(Dean of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.)

Not too fast.



2. Rose of the hedgerow brier,
Careless, and fresh, and gay;
Rose of the lordly garden,
Queen of the garish day.
Bluebells that grow by the wayside,
Daisies that smile at our feet,
Lilies we find by the brookside,
Mallow and meadow-sweet.
3. Common, and dear, and lowly,
All—we offer to Thee,
Give to be given as love-gifts,
Love in simplicity.

Yes, but do Thou, O our Master,
Take but the gifts we bring,
Touch them—they bloom with Thy blessing,
Pledges of endless Spring.

4. Take them, these children of summer,
Messengers joyous and glad,
Filling God's Hostel with fragrance
For hearts that are weary and sad;
Take them, sweet benisons, wafted
From angels of lawn and of lea,
Gifts to the least of Thy children,
Given, dear Saviour, to Thee.